

WE don't live to give good meetings, but to get sinners saved. ("Amen," and "amen," again and again.)—*The General* in the last British Staff Council.

THE

GOOD soul-saving meetings are their own advertisement and attraction.

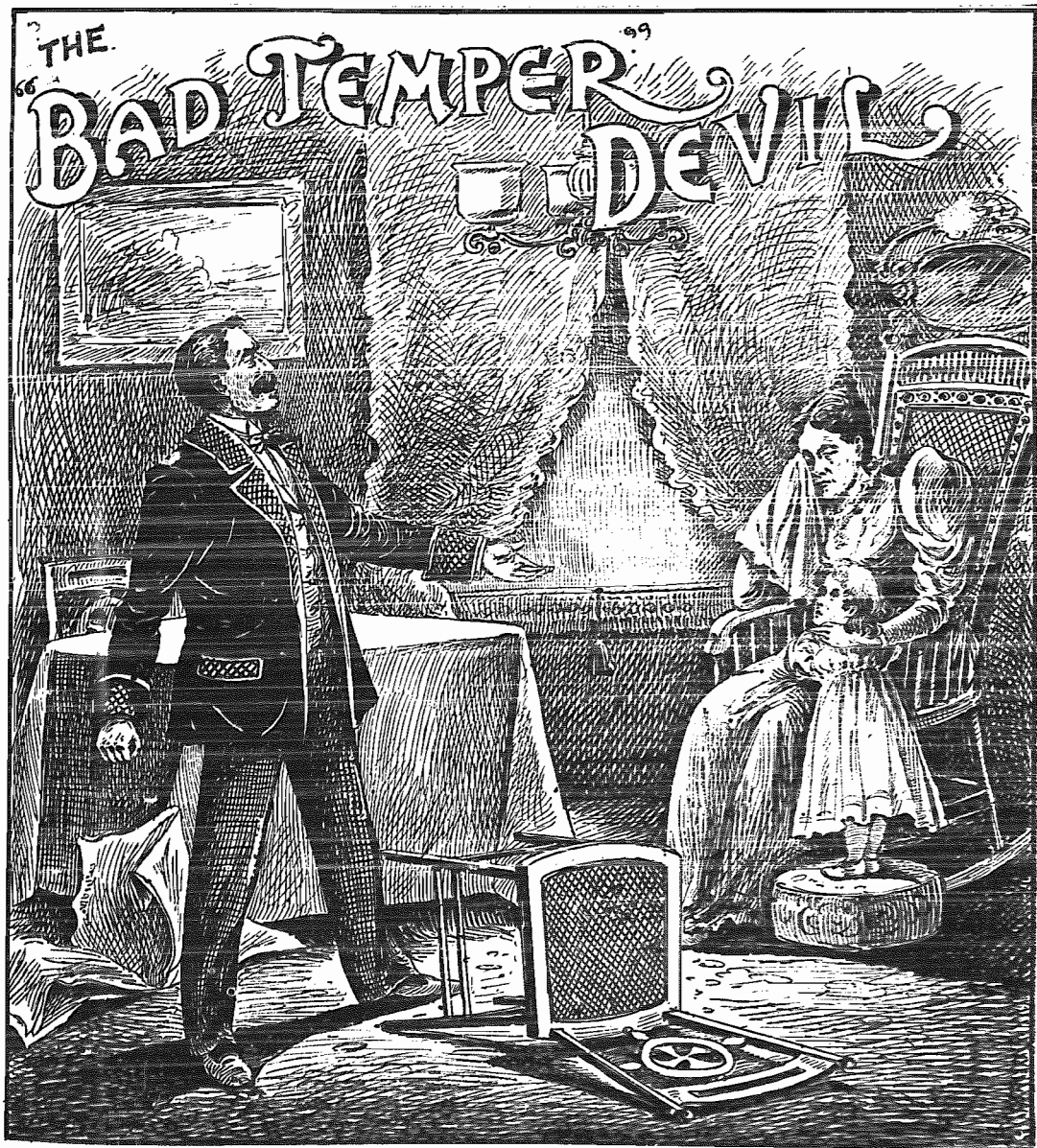
—*The General*.

WAR

CRY



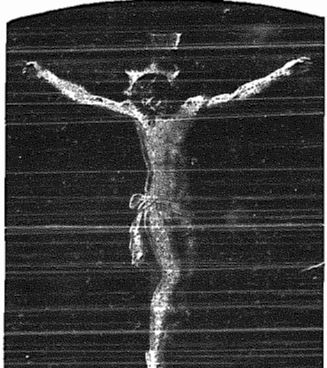
VOL. XI. No. 46. [WILLIAM DOCTY, General of the B. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 17, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



FULL SALVATION is the Only Cure for the "Little" Sins in Domestic Life.

WHO KILLED JESUS?

BY THE COMMANDANT.



And then happened the second act of this great farce! Pilate had delivered his judgment. But the Scribes and Pharisees would not accept it. They had already formed their own conclusions, and, like so many more in similar circumstances where seeking solely to justify them, whether right or wrong, they wanted and intended to rid themselves of this Jesus of Nazareth, whose presence threatened to turn the hearts of all men. But in pressing for the blood of their Victim, they were also revealing the emptiness of their creed. "It is not lawful," they cried back to Pilate, "for us to put any man to death." They knew full well, in bondage as they were, through the transgressions of their fathers to a heathen ruler, that they had not the power to put Jesus to death, and they knew still better that they had not the courage to perform their deed without the protection of a government they themselves despised. And so they sought to dress up their murder in the garb of Roman equity, because they were frightened at the consequences of taking the law into their own hands.

They drove with infamous insult the object of their spleen to the bar of a heathen, and compelled him, by threats and clamor, to do what their cowardice would not permit them to do for themselves! They wanted to commit murder, and yet be legally free from the consequences! Legally free they might be. Legally free they were. With the death warrant of the Roman consuls in their hands they might tread the rocky steep of Golgotha with firm feet, and look with an impudent gaze upon the marred visage of even the Son of God!

But under that other law compounded in the mind of God, and aneeted within the consciences of men, how otherwise was it all! Had they forgotten the words of Him who hung before them, when He had explained the principle upon which the government of Jehovah was founded in His sermon on the Mount? Had they overlooked what a little distinction He made between the murderer and the latter? Subsequent to all, He and their consciences should be right, what would their Roman writing profit them then? Could they plead it as an excuse before Him who had read the language of their hidden thought and hate!

We are now brought to the first count in the indictment, which, under the heading of "Moral Murderers," we are to make against the sinners.

THE 18. UNDER THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF GOD THE MURDERER OF JESUS CHRIST.

It is in no mythical or hazy sense in which we wish it to be understood that we lay this charge. On the contrary, we wish we could write it in indelible characters upon the consciences of every soul that smelt, as a practical, every-day truth.

We wish we could force every idle professor, every vain repeater of the every slave of ritual to see that it is not FLESHLY hands that bear the

blood-marks of Christ's agony, any more than by the loud exclamations of fleshly lips Christ's glory is extolled. The stains that bear witness to the Great White Throne are fixed upon a somewhat behind the hand that grips the dagger or thrusts the spear! And the glory that ascends to encircle the throne of the Lamb of God is breathed up by the inward prompter long before the lips have been moved to its deciate.

It is INTENTIONS or MOTIVES, then, that count as everything with God and in reality with OURSELVES. With this thought in mind, let us approach again the Cross of Christ, and, as we stand before it, new vistas will open up to our mental vision. The circle of Christ's murderers will no longer be confined to the few who trod the summit of Calvary, but will widen through the ages until it has embraced all who have said, and still say in heart-intention, "Away with Him; we will not have this Man to reign over us."

The question is not one as to whether your hand of flesh actually thrust the spear into His side, or placed the thorns upon His brow. You cannot judge yourself upon that score, because you have not the OPPORTUNITY for such deeds. Jesus IN THE FLESH is no longer here that you might shed His blood or add to His agony. But the question for you to put to yourself is whether or not you are, in your heart, a participant in the causes of His death. Your hands, which, remember, of themselves count for nothing, may not have planted His death-crown or cast lots over His garments, but your heart may be the repository of all that rebellion, revenge, and hatred of which Calvary's tragedy was but the temporal reflection.

It is possible that you have stood gazing back through the centuries to Golgotha, as the death-place of your Lord, lifting your hands in amazement and disapprobation at the ruffians who have dragged Him there. But you have forgotten that Jesus is no longer a man, but a Spirit, and that Golgotha is replaced by an arena within your own heart, in the which for a life-time you have struggled to slay that Spirit before yourself and your God!

Will you pause and ask yourself what WAS the cause of Calvary? Was it not the world's sin, and is not YOUR sin included there? While, then, you are willfully indulging in sin, how can you be other than a wilful partaker in the death of Christ? God loved you from the beginning, but it was your SINS crying up to Him that gave to His love the opportunity to become vain and die that sin might no longer have dominion over you. If you continue in your sin you defeat the purpose of His death and you are become His murderer!

For that death has EFFECT as well as CAUSES, and upon these effects the issues of the soul depend. By that death the SINNER is left finally and for ever without excuse, while his sin is rendered gloriously forgiv-

able! To the soul upon which the love of God has just dawned, the first instinct is to rise and embrace His cross as the passport to the pure joys of the New Kingdom, and the second is to exclaim, with the shiver of awe, "How shall I escape if I neglect so great salvation?—to what eternities of bliss by this cross may my forgiven soul aspire, and to what depths of a murderer's hell by these blood-marks of the Son of God may I sink?"

Saner, there is but one thing can acquit you of the murder of Jesus Christ before the Judge and Jury of the skies. You must present to Him what His love-agony purchased—a clean heart. A heart, every intention and purpose of which His dying love has wooed and won. A heart into which He may look and see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; the purity of which shall reflect back an answer to His great love and make it a perfected thing.

And, surely, there is but one evidence necessary to justify your sentence of eternal death. To have received the grace of God in vain; to have approached the judgment seat, having the very sin that filled up the cup of Christ's agony, will mean to have pleaded guilty to the indictment that charge you with the murder of Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

"War Cry" * * Witness Box. CAPT. BELLE HOLMES

TELLS OF
Grace in Sickness.

TWILINGATE—LAIN VERY LOW BY SICKNESS, and away from the battle's front for the past six weeks, I can still praise God.

Although very ill, not knowing what God will do with me, I must try to make known the power of my Saviour in keeping me when I have been helpless. He has upheld me. It is hard to learn.

The Lesson of Submission.

yet it is worth learning. Jesus is such a patient teacher. I love His school to-day. While waiting one needs the same grace as at fighting time.

I have proved since being ill that it's very wise to live well, then we can be quite sure Jesus will help us to die well. If I had not the knowledge that I had proved the blood of Jesus to have been applied to my heart and taken away my sins while in health, I could not have sought Him when so weak.

It is almost too late and dark to find Jesus when

The Mist of Sickness

comes over me. I found when death seemed very near that even though I had endeavored to serve God for over ten years, I still wanted to live to do something more for Him and dying souls.

I would like to be able to be at the front of the battle to-day, but I dare not so a step before Jesus. I want to follow a step at a time. Continually I feel the need of His arm. I am daily saying that the grace of God may be given every comrade in the light to GO ON. To each in sin I say, be up and doing. The health and strength you enjoy to-day will not always be yours.

Your Reasoning Powers

will not always be as strong as to-day, then when you find yourself low and powerless, without the consciousness of your sins forgiven, there will be the biting, stinging, remorseful feeling of regret within for not having been true to your health, THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

CAPT. BELLE HOLMES.

Perhaps your Master knows what a capital plowman you are, and He never wants you to become a reaper because you do the plowing so well.—Spurgeon.

THE BAD TEMPER DEVIL.

(See frontispiece.)

"NO FORM OF VICE, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness, does more to unchristianize society than EVIL TEMPER. For emitting life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for blighting the bloom of childhood, in short, for such gratulations, misery-producing power, this intolerance stands alone."

"It is the INTERMITTENT FEVER which betokens intermittent disease within, the occasional bubble escaping to the surface, which betrays some rottenness underneath; a sign of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily, when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and sweet but by taking the acid finds out, but by putting something in—great love, a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. Sin does not change men. CHRIST DOES."

"Hence it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go to the source, and change the inmost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid finds out, but by putting something in—great love, a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. Sin does not change men. CHRIST DOES."

Famous Hymns.



There is a grain of gold in a ray.

THE OLD HUNDRETH.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

THERE IS A TOUCHING story told of a Scotchman, who wandered far from his native land.

Taken captive by the Turks, he was doomed to slavery in one of the Barbary States.

AT THE KIRK, and by his own fire-side, in early life, the metrical version of the Psalms had become familiar as household words.

IN CAPTIVITY, through eighteen long years, the sacred songs of Zion were never forgotten. He sang them in that strange land.

The attention of sailors on board an English man-of-war was

ARRESTED BY A FAMILIAR TUNE.

The music of the Old Hundredth floated softly and solemnly across the moonlit waves.

The cause was at once guessed. One of their countrymen must be indulging his life out in that land of barbarism and bondage. A host was at once manned.

The gladness of deliverance from slavery was more than can be told. Was it possible that the grand old hymn of his childhood, now to be forever associated with memories of rescue, could ever cease to thrill his soul?

The strain of redeeming praise begun on earth must be forever continued before the throne.

Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sergeant Young's Sister Gone Afloat.

LITTLE BAY.—Death has again visited WING BIGHT. This time the sister of Sergt. Young, that all alive Salvationist, has been called. She was Jack waiting God's call.

The funeral was conducted by Ensign Gobby, and we all felt it was a very impressive time. Souls are still on the wing. FIVE last night for a deeper work of grace. Still on we go to bring the world to Jesus. —Lieut. J. Hiscock.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE!

War Manoeuvres.

COMMODORE MCGILLIVRAY TELLS THE YARN.

Heavy Seas Running—Rousing Open-Air Fighting—Populaces Awakened—Souls in the Fountain.

"Hello there, boys!"
"All right, sir!" shouts Lieut. Redburn.

"I want to give you your orders for to-morrow. The Naval Brigade will meet at the barracks to-morrow at two or three p.m., as the case may be, and then, after prayer, away we go."

"100, boys," shouts the bandmaster. "All right." First whistle, everybody in readiness; second whistle, Tossie Bloss gives six rousing beats on the drum, and then you can hear the famous Naval Band playing

In Dashing Military Style.

Slam go the doors, crack, yes, up go the windows.

"Hey, there! Oh, my, here is the Marine Band! Say, look on his hat: S.S. William Booth." Is that the General?

"Hey, Jack, look at their blouses. My, oh, my! Say, let's go! Play up, there!"

"To-night, to-night," shouts Cadet Curry, or the Commodore, as the announcements are given in a voice of command. "A grand time at the Army. Come and hear the sailor boys, some notorious characters. Gibraltar, Salvation Sankey, Sammy, the bud boy from Toronto, Bro. John, from London, Burnish, the old soldier, and Goose, from Ottawa."

"Well, well! Say, boys, we must go and hear them!"
"You bet, Bill."

"Come on, old man. I must hear them."

Down we go through street and lane, saloons, dives, and brothels.

"Oh, dear me, boys, did you see those poor, fallen girls in that anteroom, drinking, and in that den, Oh, God, help us. 'His blood can make the vilest clean.' Sing it up, boys." The crowds follow. "Halt! halt! Form a ring. Some one pray." In a moment we are in a real-hot open-air. Song and testimony. Band selection, sanctification, a dance, and full announcements, and off for the hall.

"Come on, boys, the Army are having a big time. I tell you, they are a live crowd. I declare, did you hear Gibraltar sing and dance, and the boys clap their hands. Oh, I wished I was good!" We often smile to hear the comments, etc.

"Now for souls, boys." "Yes. Amen, Lord, save to-night!" So the meetings lie now at fever heat. The boys tell how God saved them. "Burnish" tells what sin and drink did for him—left him a total wreck. "But God saved him."

"Hallelujah!" shout the boys.
"I know it," cries Burnish.
"Yes," shout the comrades. "I do, too."

Commodore or Captain read a few verses from the Good Book, and pleads for souls. Now, who will lead the way?

"Glory! Oh, glory! Yes, here he is, poor fellow," drops like a log at the bench. UNBELIEF. "Oh, I am too bad." "No," cries the Commodore. "God can save you; let go all." He tumbles from the bench, and cries aloud, "Oh, God, save me!" After an hour and a-half this man stands and sings, "Blessed Lord, in This is refuge," etc.

"Have a word."
"Oh, how cheering!" "God saves me. I am going to live for Him."

Dreadlocks, unbelievers, and sinners of all kinds find mercy. 11 p.m. "Say hallelujah!" and up goes a ringing volley for the victory won.

"A BIG RUN TO-MORROW. Meet

at 7 or 8 a.m., and sometimes 5 and 6 a.m. I say, Capt. Finlayson, how is the weather this morning?"
"Well, I expect we shall have a toss, and we are

In the Trough of the Sea."

"How far, Captain?"

"Just about 70 miles."

"Lord, help. Bontawain, fill the barrel with fresh water; we are about five miles out now. Cheer up, boys. Oh, dear! Hello, who is that running to spell Europe?" The Trade Agent.

"Well, Jack, how do you feel?"

"Pretty funny just now; let me lie down," and all seem to drop out of sight for a few hours, unless a few of the "braves" who never get sick.

"Land ahead," shouts the skipper.

"All hands get ready, eight miles to shore."

"I say, Adjutant, will you shave me?"

"Why, yes, my boy, in a few minutes." The crew are fixed up, and while pale are happy and ready for the attack upon the new city or town just ahead of us. All on deck.

"Well, how is that, boys?" Yes, here is the worthy engineer, Lieut. Itshbrooke, who stood to his engine like a tiger, and sent us ahead at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

Sights and Scenes.

Garfield's monument in Cleveland, Ohio, and buildings and cemeteries, but no sight like souls crying for mercy at the foot of the cross.

A Big Storm.

We left Dunkirk at 9 a.m. Skipper says it will be rough to-day, and we find out in an hour or so he is right, for we are soon tossed on the waves.

"Hallelujah!" She is a daisy. See how she rode over that big wave."

"Look here," says Gibraltar. "I felt sure she was going down when she dipped that last time."

"Oh, the Captain knows how to bring her through." The Captain turns her for Ft. Colborne. Oh, dear me! Up on the wave, down, as if never to rise, but like a bird she defies the storm.

"Stand by your lines, and attend to the fenders," cries the skipper, and all are safe in port. Sankey says, "I will never laugh at the like storm stories any more. I wouldn't take ten dollars and go out again to-day." But in a day or so he comes with us like a man.

All Aboard for Buffalo.

And amidst the smiles of other men, who lay with their big boats in port, we sail out, with a prayer on our lips for a safe trip. Toss, toss, but bravely she rides the storm. All are now ready to run and wait on the Captain, who is looking brave and cheerful, and asks us to keep quiet and all will be well. True, we dash and run up and down, but at last

We Glide into Port

and commence a seven days' campaign in a go-ahead American city. Free of all glowing reports of our meetings, and giving the public full information about our work on the lakes and rivers. I believe a great deal of good has resulted from this effort. It means toil, but labor for God is sweet. Yours on the wave,

JOHN MCGILLIVRAY.



THE BAD TEMPER DEVIL—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.—Some of the members of H.Q.'s Staff who saw this week's frontispiece declared the facts to be often as above.

The Price of a Leg.

S.S. WILLIAM BOOTH. —Walking home to my billet in Sandusky, I saw ahead of me a man who limped.

On reaching him, I said: "You seem to be very lame?"

"Yes," he said. "I have a cork leg." "How did you come to lose your leg?" I enquired.

"Well," he replied, "it was

Five Glasses of Rum

and four of beer. I was working on the railroad, where I with some more hums were drinking hard. The switch was left open, and I lost my leg in the accident that followed."

• • •

AH, I thought, how many men and women are selling their souls for THE DEVILISH DRINK! Bright, young lives are being blighted; homes are ruined; human beings turned into beasts, and yet, while all this is going on men and women, who call themselves Christians, are saying they have nothing to do.

Render, what are you doing to save sinners? Have you given soul and body into God's use? If not, for the sake of a dying world do so at once.

LIEUT. S. REDBURN.

PROMOTED!

CARBONEAR.—Death has come to the home of Sister Ash and taken away the daughter to reign forever with Jesus. She had been sick for a long time but was never known to murmur since she got saved. She was always SMOOTHING EVERYTHING WITH HOPE of meeting her Saviour some day. Every time I visited her a thrill of joy ran through my heart as I looked upon a countenance so lighted up with the glory of God.

Only for perishing souls around me I would have liked to change places with her, but in God's own good time

I believe that I shall bask in the same sunshine that she gleamed in now.

CAPTAIN GEO. THOMPSON.

—•—•—

BAY ROBERTS.—SISTER JANE SHARP, who for some years has been a good soldier of Bay Roberts corps, was called to leave this world of sickness and pain. True to God and His Army, she fought the good fight, kept the faith. Her end was peace. She was a great sufferer for some weeks, but Jesus was with her. She bore it patiently till the Master sent for her. Her last words to me a few hours before she died were, "It is well with my soul."

Smner, these may be your dying words if you will give your heart to Jesus.

CAPT. NEWMAN.

Eastern Province.

WINDSOR.—One precious soul Sunday. Furniture meeting to furnish Headquarters. Number of things given and more promised.—Capt. E.V.

DARTMOUTH.—Open-air grand, nice crowds. Two souls at the drum. Three meetings on the street.—Capt. Wright.

HALIFAX I.—God is blessing our open-air work. A brother under the influence of drink knelt in an open-air ring. He testified his intention to cease from sin. Souls are coming to the cross for salvation and holiness.—Sergt.-Major Castin.

NEWCASTLE.—A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether will bring victory. Three comrades at soldiers' meeting knelt at the front. A number are feeling their need of a life more out and out for God.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.L.B.

The best baggage to carry on the journey to Heaven is a large supply of nothing.



"THE BAD TEMPER DEVIL"—GONE.—Home, as it ought to be.—Ed.



OUR LATEST FOREIGN ADVANCE.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND GLORIOUS SALVATION IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

"Native Lines, and the Japs for Japan."

The latest English "War Cry" is indeed A GRAND MISSIONARY NUMBER. It teems with facts, and quivers with the holy flame of apostolic enterprise.

To-day JAPAN is the chief subject of our prayers, as Colonel Wright and his noble band of missionary warriors say "Good-bye!" for that country, in which the prospects of the Army are extremely bright.

Missionary Qualifications.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY during an interview asserts:—

"To the real missionary SACRIFICE IS A LUXURY. The General has laid it down as an absolute rule for the guidance of the Foreign Office that he will not honor anybody by sending them to occupy these forefront positions in the eyes of the whole world, who fail to recognize the privilege and who go winning about their sacrifices. Nobody is fit for the position who does not regard it as the greatest honor God and the Army can put upon him to assign him as a missionary officer to the heathen."



Mrs. Col. Wright. Col. Wright.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker states further:—COLONEL WRIGHT is full of determination to make it a proper Japanese affair. The party will land in Japanese costume. Then, again, Brigadier Powell is a man of power and strength, while the other members of the party have also been chosen with great care. Most of them have had

Japan on Their Heart

for a long period. They include a Japanese Lieutenant from America, who has been gaining a man's experience in India, so as to thoroughly understand native lines; and also a lady who has been eight years a missionary in China, and who knows two or three of the Chinese dialects. She, too, has been fighting in India, and will join the party in Colombo.

Our Latest Missionary Party.

"My father," says COLONEL WRIGHT, "gave me, when but a few hours old, to God, asking that I might be a Methodist preacher. My mother began to preach when she was seventeen, and was made a mighty blessing and power in all the country round. Who is a saint! I shall never forget the telegram she sent to me when I had asked her consent to my going to New Zealand—'Have placed my Isaac on the altar—Mother.' That was twelve years ago, and she says the same to-day about Japan."

The Colonel-in-embryo, though religiously trained, got a "twist" in the opposite direction during his four years in a coal merchant's office. He started business for himself—and very successfully, too—when only sixteen, but betting and speering had likely to have landed him far on the highway—but the Army was introduced to Hancock, so he, for God, at first an inebriated source of amusement, and then a saviour. When he knelt

at the penitent-form he was twenty.

In the course of his stay in Australia, the rising Wright obtained a very great "blessing"—viz., a wife, whose advice and example have ever been a holy aid to him in his Army career. Five years in England, including the Governorship of the Farm Colony, and the Colonels, with their children, go forth to a new battlefield to wage the same glorious, faithful fight for souls.

BRIGADIER POWELL, who goes as Chief Secretary to Japan, was first drawn to the Salvation Army by its plain, straight, business teaching. That alone will tell you what sort of a man he is, and how good a selection for Salvationising a country like Japan. He can also stand the grind of hard work. His training when a boy, and subsequently, has helped him to "endure." He already has had considerable experience in Home and Continental service. He came out of Upper Norwood, has been stationed in Scotland, and has had considerable experience in the Foreign Office; also in the capacity of Chief Secretary for Holland and Norway.

The Ticklish Side of Japan.

That the "Land of Funs" is not entirely a bed of roses—or chrysanthemums—we gather from a few quotes from the descriptions of some places of the country, written by a lady:—
"MOSQUITOES, etc."—Beetles of a pugilistic character prevail. Creatures of the locust tribe, of superlative size, with voice to match, astonish the beholder. Pink land crabs crawl about the streamlets in the hills. Great toads, which inflame when you pat them, sit on ancient stamps; and frogs of vivid green, whose conversation defies, congregate in swampy plain and hollow."



MAJOR AND MRS. PEARCE.

A TYPHOON WHIRL. "It was raining hard, and still but tempestuous whirls circled round and round. . . . Many a piteous sight we saw as we hurried along: little children, crying wildly, being carried out of wet rooms into wetting tents, for the very few which were obtainable were in great request; poor drenched creatures tying up bundles of clothes, or pulling at bits of furniture, trying to save their household gods from immediate drowning; worst of all, old men and women, with noisy faces and drooping heads, half hanging, half being held, upon men's backs as they were rescued from the rapidly-rising waters."

A JAPANESE CARNIVAL.—In the name of Religion—"Men and women in exchanged attire and gaudy colors, fit past, and mingling with uncleanly monster forms, dance the wild Maeter dance, with abundant inconceivable—very step a parody, every gesture a caricature. Dragons, griffins, reptiles, fishes, birds there are, all dancing, waving fans, shouting, howling, singing, noising in one form or another, in chorus perfectly bewildering. Old crows with

wrinkles showing t.rough the paint; babies

Wrapped in Rainbow Hues.

gazing with astonished eyes; children, gay as butterflies, and as bewitching; men of good position in grotesque masks; women of the gentler order, forgetting all refinement in the strange glamour of the hour; endlessly on and on they swarm, for the throng has parted now, and we are on the wing."

THE GENERAL, is now casting his eye over other fields ripe for harvest; and their invasion may be early expected. China is "on the boards," and it is hoped shortly to do something for ARMENIA.

MAJOR AND MRS. PEARCE take charge of our work in South America. The Major is an Army covert of fourteen years' standing, and has spent most of the time in Australia. Only a few months since he went again to England.

Mrs. Pearce is an Australian, and an out-and-out Salvationist. They have two little children—a boy and girl. The Major's last appointment in England was Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The Present State of Our Foreign Field Among the Heathen.

IN INDIA we are still advancing with rapidity, and work among the Tamils, the Gujaratis, the Bengalis, the Marathis, the Sikhs, the Bheels, the Singhalises, the Nizaks, and the Souths is being prosecuted by our comrades, native and British, with a devotion and determination that cannot possibly fail to be successful.

IN AFRICA, the Zulus, the Kaffirs, the Bechuanas, and the Masshonas are seeking every station at the hands of our missionary officers; while in other countries the Sandwich Islanders, the Icelanders, the Hawaiians, the natives of Guiana, the Maoris, the North American Indians, the natives of Java, and the aborigines of Australia are also being taught the blessed truths of Christianity and salvation.

The Extent of Our Work

Among the various native races many, in some cases, have been estimated from the following statistics and returns, which, however, do not include the work carried on among the natives in Cape Colony, the Maoris in New Zealand, and the aborigines of Australia:

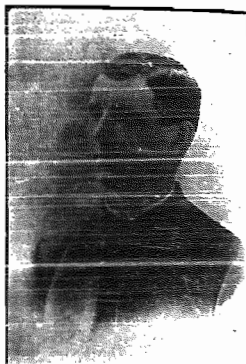
Total number officers engaged in active work (or missionaries) . . .	632
Of whom are natives . . .	505
Number of stations occupied . . .	154
Number of War Cry or other Salvation papers published among them . . .	5
Number of schools established . . .	23
Number of Homes for training native officers . . .	9
Number of Social Institutions, such as Prison Gate Homes, Land Colonies, etc.	10

If you are anxious to find out what are your faults, you may likely find some of them in that neighbor you despise.

The power of God is the philosopher's stone which turns all our leaden, imperfect efforts into golden successes.



SAMUEL J. WRIGHT,



Of MISSOURI.

He was born in SULLIVAN CO., MISSOURI, in 1875. In the spring of 1882, in company with his father and mother, he left Missouri and came west in a wagon, intending to go to the coast, but when they reached Butte City, Mo., his father stopped and went also THE WOOD BUSINESS.

After remaining in Butte for about three years, they came to Mesoula, where they have lived ever since. He never was a deep-dyed sinner. He never drank whisky nor used tobacco in his life, but he would do almost anything else. He would go to church and Sunday-school. He often felt the Spirit of God striving with him, but the devil would tell him that he was "too young" to serve God.

"In November, 1893, the Salvation Army opened fire on the devil in Mesoula. When I first noticed them I thought they were the strangest people I ever saw. I did not attend their meetings for about four months after they came to town. My brother got saved and he wanted me to go with him to the hall, but I would not go for some time. One evening I was standing on the street corner when a friend of mine came to me and asked me to go with him down to the Army. He said there was a man there that

Stuttered When He Talked.

and it was fun to hear him. "So I went with him, and really enjoyed the meeting from beginning to end."

"After that I would go to the Army when I had a chance. As I listened to the songs and the testimonies, something seemed to say to me, 'Wouldn't you like to be happy like those people?'"

"I really wanted to be converted but the idea of being saved in the Salvation Army was what kept me back. One Saturday night, as I was going home from meeting, my friend said to me, 'Never join the Army; if I wanted to join anything, join the church, because there were a lot of fools in the Army.' So I told him I never would."

But the next night at the meeting one of the speakers spoke to me about my soul's welfare. The first thing he asked was whether I wanted to be a Christian. I said yes, but I did not like to go out to the penitent-form in the Army. The devil told me I could go to church and get saved, and live a good Christian life, but the brother stayed with me till I HAD to yield. So I went to the penitent-form and got nicely saved. The next day I felt

Like a Now Lad.

"I felt I was 'born again.' "Soon after, I signed the soldier's declaration, and was sworn in in July, 1894, at the first enrolment that took place in Mesoula. "I thank God that I have REPT THE YOUNG that I made, and I AM still fighting for Jesus."—Written by Sergeant Frost.

North-Western

PROVINCE

H. F. GALORE—H. F.

Target Strikers.

MAJOR BENNETT.

HARVEST FESTIVAL here is all the rage, and our target of \$2,000 has been distributed amongst the corps. Every officer and corps knows the target for this year, and as we did so well last year, I am sure we can be relied on to keep our good name.

Now, my Western comrades and soldiers, I trust you are well in harness, and that the harness will stand a strong pull. The cost of the Dominion are on us, and we must equip ourselves as men, and go forward in the name of God. Let our motto be VICTORY, or let us die to obtain it. If we cannot do it without. Like the drummer boy who, when asked to play a retreat, said he "did not know one," let us know no retreat.

The following are the targets for each corps. Let us all, each and every one of you, for a bull's eye. The Queen's prize has just been taken by a Canadian, who shot better than ten one-sixth of the whole world. Let us win the King's prize and approval by getting our targets, and so keep up our good record.

WINNIPEG target, \$100. Now, Ensign Goodwin, with your brave corps of blood and fire soldiers, you will have to fight, but you are the right stuff, and as over \$500 was raised last year, you will get there, no doubt.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Your target is \$100. You raised \$100 last year, and now, Captain Green, this is your task. Your soldiers, brave and unflinching as they are, will get there.

SELKIRK. Your H. F. target is \$55. Now, Lieut. Smith, business first and joy comes after the victory. All officers give your soldiers and friends at your corps a good name. You won't lose it, will you?

CALGARY amount is \$125. Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Scott, here is the target for the Range City soldiers and friends. You are equal to it, I am sure.

Bull's-Eye Marks.

EDMONTON. Your bull's-eye is \$125. You did well last year, comrades, and now, Captain Davidson, since the Commandant and Survey Party have favored you with a visit, and you gave them such a grand reception, you will hit the target, sure.

THUNDER ALBERT. Captain Gooding, you and your brave lieutenant and corps will be able to give your \$100 target a ring.

MOOSEJAW. Your H. F. T. is \$55. Now, Captain Charlton, you, with your Lieutenant and corps, will be able to hit this, with the valuable assistance of your soldiers and the railroad friends and farmers.

PORT WILLIAM. I hear business is good at your end of the world, Captain McKay, and with your brave little corps you will manage to shoot the \$50 target.

FOUR ALTHUR. This corps has improved greatly since last year. Captain and Mrs. Elliot have had quite a number enrolled, and what with soldiers of the right stamp, and friends who are very kind, you will be able to hit your mark, which is \$55.

EMERSON. Your H. F. T. is \$50. You did well last year, and you will exceed our expectations this time, I am sure. Now, Captain Westcott, now is your chance. You have the best corps, and some fine local officers and soldiers.

MORDEN. Captain Orr and his Lieutenant will hit his target. He has a fine farming district, and a good little town. \$50 will soon be got.

MOOSEJAW will be able to get the victory, with Capt. Greenway and Cadet Clarke at the head of affairs. Your target is only \$50.

BRANDON. Your target is \$50. With your new officers at the head of things, and the soldiers way to the front, you will get it, especially with the prospect of a good harvest.

NEEAWA. This corps has done

well lately, with the energetic leader, Captain Hewitt, leading on, and now that Cadet Swain has been appointed to assist, and such a lot of out-and-out warriors at your back, you will easily get the \$75, which is your target.

That Plucky Corps.

CARBERRY. The H. F. T. for this plucky little corps is \$40. Now, I believe they will get it, and then Captain Wilkins, he is full of determination, and he knows how to fight a few obstacles. His Lieutenant will not be behind.

RAID CITY. This brave little band did fine last year, and they can, and will, I believe, get their \$50 target. Now, Lieutenant Mercer and Askin, I know you will fight it out.

The new corps I am sure, although this is their first shot at the Harvest Festival target, both officers and soldiers will keep their powder dry and shoot straight, and hit sure. The following are the targets: Rat Portage, \$80; Regina, \$50; Virden, \$50; Kenosha, \$40. And Grand Forks, where we have such a crowd of Dakota warriors, I am sure they will fire high and shoot their target of \$200 right in the bull's eye.

Now, let us unitedly go to work. Victory must be won. To arms, ye brave! Let us all hang together, trust in God, and leave not a stone unturned.

Headquarters' Crumbs

GROUND FINE.

TELEGRAM from Commandant, sent from Red Deer, N.W.T.:

"I COME TORONTO TO-MORROW NIGHT. OTHERS GO COLUMBIA."

Welcome home, sir.

MRS. BOOTH led beautiful meeting with women officers. Report next week. She is extremely busy behind the scenes with correspondence, etc.

ENSIGN LOWRY, after few weeks' rest, to take charge of Temple corps.

PICTICAL MARKET GARDENER offered his services for Social Farm free. Wants us to come out and help pick his fruit. Oh!

MAJOR STRETON arrived from England; fiery and happy as usual.

WILSON PARK, N.Y., bombarded by Ensign Ayre and party.

SEPTEMBER MEETINGS in Toronto! Great excursions planned, especially for soldiers to Massey Music Hall Festival.

Western Province.

WINNIPEG. — Holiness a heart-searching time. Eight persons for more definite experience. Sunday night a hundred on the march. Ensign revealed. Assistant Rawlings and Ensign Clarke, etc., present—five at the mercy-seat. — Captain Westcott for Ensign Hughes.

MOOSEJAW. — Two more souls Sunday morning. The Commandant and a few Staff Officers here. While the train stopped for two hours they gave us a short meeting, which we all enjoyed very much. The people gave us a collection of \$8.35.—Capt. Charlton.

SELKIRK.—Capt. Bailey for three days' campaign. One sought pardon, making three for the week.—Lieut. Smith.

KENOWATIN.—Four souls Sunday, three, Tuesday. Adjutant and Mrs. Rawling made things very interesting.

—Lieut. Campbell.

GRAND FORKS. — Mrs. Bennett spent Saturday and Sunday with us. All gladly welcomed her to the United States. Four for the blessing. One backslider, one poor drunkard gave a bottle of whiskey to the Captain. It was quickly smashed.—Capt. Kemp, Lieut. Gibbs and Anderson.

RAID CITY.—On the race-day the Salvationists proposed they should not be left holding the line in the afternoon for ammunition. Did some shooting in the open-air. Whilst the crowd were craning worldly amusement we sang, "I'm satisfied with Jesus here." After bombardment round the hotels, etc., we marched back for soldiers' meeting. A poor drunk came to the pension-form, and gave up his tobacco and pipe.—Jim.

INTERNATIONAL VISITORS

— IN THE —

JUBILEE HALL,

— ON —

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th,

INCLUDING

COLONEL STITT, Governor of the English Farm Colony; BRIGADIER CLIBBORN, late of South America, and MR. LAWFORD, of England.

THE COMMANDANT

WILL COMMAND,

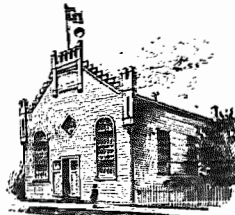
ASSISTED BY THE HEADQUARTERS' AND PROVINCIAL STAFF.

AN OLD TALE

Re-Told.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

(With apologies.)



This is the barracks that — built.

Who begged the fruit, and wheat, and That was grown by the farmer — le and bright, Who early morn and late at night Grew the Harvest Festival produce.



This is the salesman, with eagle eye, Who induced the Army friends to buy The Harvest Festival produce Gathered in by the Captain all shaven and shorn, Who begged the fruit, and wheat, and corn,

That was grown by the farmer hale and bright, Who early morn and late at night Grew the Harvest Festival produce.



This is the Harvest Festival produce That lay in the barracks that — built.



This is the farmer, hale and bright, Who early morn and late at night Grew the Harvest Festival produce.



These are the people of whom 'tis said They were so warmly clad and fed By the money obtained by that eagle eye

From the Harvest Festival produce Gathered in by the Captain all shaven and shorn, Who begged the fruit, and wheat, and corn,

That was grown by the farmer hale and bright, Who early morn and late at night Grew the Harvest Festival produce.

LATEST PROMOTIONS: Ensigns Taylor and Woolman.

EVERYBODY IN LOVE with Social Rack idea. Just watch for the beautiful H. F. appeals!

TWO NEW DISTRICTS! Lippincott, Richmond Street, Ligar, Dovercourt, Brampton, Aurora, and Newmarket, with H. Q. at Lippincott; and Temple, Yorkville, Elvesside, Markham, Steffville, and Usbridge, with H. Q. at Temple.

This is the Captain, all shaven and shorn,

NEXT WEEK.

AMONGST our very interesting and varied bill of fare next week we expect to insert

"WHO KILLED JESUS?"
(3rd chapter),

a thoughtful and intensely interesting series of papers by THE COMMANDANT.

WILKES, or not "from powder money to admiral."

Resumé of British Staff Council—interesting utterances of our veteran leader, intensely interesting to officers.

"What Holiness is," by an F. O.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

Welcome home, Major Streeton!

!!!!!!!

Congratulations, ENSIGN Wooliam and ENSIGN Taylor.

!!!!!!!

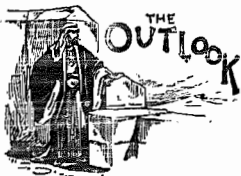
The Salvation Army throughout the Territory sympathizes most deeply with the relatives and friends of the Chinese martyrs.

!!!!!!!

The Commandant is at the front in our current issue with the second chapter of an excellent and well-thought-out article entitled, "Who Killed Jesus?" Be sure you carefully read it. It deserves more than passing attention.

!!!!!!!

This week we conclude our serial, "Scotch Bob." The young man who left his Scotch home and slid to the bottom of the ladder is to-day a humble Salvationist and a useful officer, glad of the wide privileges for usefulness the Army confers upon him.



The General.

Hallelujah! The General is in excellent health again. After leading the recent three days' Staff Council, and speaking at considerable length, he seemed fresher than when he began.

.. .. .

Thank God.

The proportion of missionary zeal in an organization is a fair criterion of the measure of the Christ Spirit which exists in it, and the Army's present extraordinary missionary activity must be due to the intense satisfaction to those who have the welfare of the Army at heart.

.. .. .

Japan Pioneers.

The Japanese party is a "good and strong one. Colonel Wright, the Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, is a man of much force of character and practical ability, and Brigadier Powell is a young officer who has risen rapidly and won golden opinions. The whole party is as follows: Colonel and Mrs. Wright, late of Eastern Province; Brigadier Powell, of Norway; Ensign and Mrs. Payne, of Battersea II; Ensign and Mrs. Gosselin, of Luton I; Captain Devonshire, of Boxley Heath; Captain Clark, of Hauxton; Captain Fletcher, of the Slums; Captain Potter, of the Manchester Provincial Headquarters;

Lieutenant Hart, of Yarmouth; Cadet Mary Tooton, of U.S.A.

We Canadians are proud of our Army comrades who are leaving all to go to Japan. May the presence of Jehovah sustain them and make them conquerors.

.. .. .

Staff-Capt. B. B. Cox.

That bit of persecution on the part of the Colorado authorities with Staff-Captain Blanche Cox makes them look very small. These administrators of American law and the Staff-Captain 825 or fourteen days for holding open-air meetings on a street 125 feet wide. The Staff-Captain chose prison, whereupon the authorities backed down. The Denver "Pioneer" has the pluck to say respecting this—

"Staff-Capt. Cox's imprisonment is an act that is a disgrace to Colorado Springs and the whole State. His sentence is an insult to the cause of Christianity, and a piece of persecution that men and women of all classes will bitterly resent. In the name of right and justice his release is demanded, while Coloradoans blush to know that the shameful fact of the sentence has been telegraphed abroad."

The Current Hour

THE MATRICIDE.

In all the annals of domestic crime it is difficult to find a more painful case than that referred to in our columns last week, for which Robert Combes, the elder boy, has been pronounced guilty of wilful murder by the coroner's jury, while the other boy, Nathaniel, has been held as an accessory after the fact.

The newspaper reports say that when arrested the boys were playing cards with a half-witted man, wholly indifferent to the terrible odor pervading the house, due to decomposition of their mother's dead body. The father of the boys is a porter on the National Line steamship "France," and only learned of the tragedy on the arrival of his ship at New York. "Senseless and unwholesome literature is said to have upset the boys' minds." The jury on the case have noted a rider to the verdict urging "that the sale of shocking and inflammatory literature be stopped."

Who's to Blame?

Notice the links in that chain, and see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. First, mental endowment, a good gift of Divine Providence for good uses. Second, this gift perverted to the purpose of making books that excite moral disorder. Third, impressionable boys read those books, and of course imbibe their spirit. Fourth, the knife in a mother's heart, by the hand of her own son.

We pity the poor boys, we grieve with the father in this triple catastrophe, we mourn over a life thus cut short, but we blame most of all the scoundrel who foisted his devilish literature on the boys of this generation.

The Bible declares, and the deepest instincts of the human mind demand, a judgment bar of God for man, and at that bar the worst will undoubtedly go further than wilful murder against the boy.

UNHAPPY ARMENIA.

The long record of Armenian horrors with which the press of the world has teemed for months has been summed up by Mr. Gladstone in the four words "plunder, murder, rape, torture," and he denounces the Turkish Government and its officers responsible. It is stated that the powers will compel the Sultan to reform his administration. They ought to have sought to have done so months ago.

Whatever the complications may be, it is inexcusable in the great Christian nations to idly allow this havoc. Law must be administered amongst nations as well as amongst individuals, and if ever there was a nation which needed the iron rod of righteous law laid upon it it is Turkey.

MARTYRED.

The massacre of missionaries at Ku Cheng has sent a thrill of horror thro'

civilization. Awhile since, the missionaries at Chen Yu, Province of Sz-chuan, Innermost of all China, were assaulted; this last horror is in the Province of Fu Kien, on the south-west seaboard, one of the Provinces best known to foreigners, which goes to show that the feeling against the "foreign devils," as the missionaries are called, is very extensive. The reported conduct of the Chinese authorities is a very brutal feature of the case. Of course we must remember that the Chinese are ill-informed, blinded by prejudice, and probably do not distinguish between the foreigners who fight lions and the gentle ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, or if they do are the more annoyed to find their prejudices are foundationless. Nevertheless this frightful massacre of some of the church's choicest spirits ought not to go unpublicized. It should be fastened on the right persons in such a way as to make its repetition improbable in the future.

Nevertheless Onward.

Happily, this catastrophe will not stop the onward progress of Christ's Kingdom. Persecution never did. The heroes of the Cross of Jesus have lived through the centuries faced death with a smile. The very spot where the martyr's crown has just been gained at Ku Cheng will be trodden by the soldiers of Jesus, who will tell the very same story of their faith and courage, which alone can cleanse the heart of either a Chinese or American. China for Jesus!



FROM THE EDITORIAL HIVE.

Onehunga, in New Zealand, had a woman mayor last year. She wiped out the floating debt of the town, and added to the sinking fund. If New Zealand's women-mayors are as well in their trade as the women officers of the Army in theirs, the voters will have no regrets for the advanced stand they have taken.

A special multiplex for public telephones has been introduced in Germany with the object of avoiding the spread of disease carried by the condensed moisture of the breath. That's good, but the moral contamination conveyed by some people's talk is a worse and more contagious evil.

The long-distance telephone between Paris and London has over two hundred calls a day. At the rate of two dollars for each call it pays. It's a longer distance to the throne of grace, but speak up to God, it can be done "without price," and always pays.

It is claimed that, owing to the good work done by the Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London, the death rate of that city has been reduced from forty to only eleven in a hundred. Good! As fresh as God's earth, has been denied the summer merged in old London by the cruel irony of modern civilization, but the General's Social Scheme plans to restore both.

The wheat crop of South America has steadily increased to 100,000 bushels in 1893. The prospects in our own West, too, are said to be excellent for a big wheat yield this season. A beautiful God provides above, but beware! His broad fields of golden grain and the hungry stomachs of the multitude is a big gap, for which Man, not God, is responsible.

An English officer has discovered a working telephone between two temples of Paul in India. The system is said to have been in operation for over two thousand years. The heavenly line of telephonic communication for sinners between the temple of the soul and the temple of Jehovah has been in operation, thank God, ever since sin entered.



Great Britain's Staff Council, 1895.

General just conducted three days' Staff Council, Clapton, London. Brilliant review past year's warfare. Important changes and departures announced. New village war crusade. Fresh plans for the Junior movement. Gracious manifestations of Divine presence. The whole practical, intelligent, loving, united.

Gone to Japan.

Colonel and Mrs. Wright and pioneers for mission to Japan started from International Headquarters.

Japan's Flag Unfurled by the General

— IN —

DR. PARKER'S CITY TEMPLE.

General conducted huge missionary convention in Dr. Joseph Parker's City Temple. Delivered notable address to crowded congregation of determined enthusiasts, unfurled Japan's flag, declared all the work of the Salvation Army is social and all its work is spiritual. Wealthy Messrs. Cory and Denny liberally.

General Secretary's Notes.

ENSIGN HITCHIE has been very useful, and has been compelled to take a short rest. We pray that he may come back very much improved.

THE WORK AT THE SHELTER at Montreal, we are pleased to note, is on the up-grade. Staff-Capt. McMillan has been making desperate efforts to cause it to go, and has succeeded in soliciting quite a lot of help, but still is in need.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS of the day are being taken in hand. It is true they may not be easily solved. We are making a desperate effort to strengthen the weak pieces and improve as we go along.

THE RETURN OF THE COMMANDANT to H. Q. is welcomed by us all. Many very important matters are waiting his return. How many events transpire in a short time! Success to all the new enterprises that will be the outcome of his northwest visit.

LIEUT. KING, of the Industrial Colony, after a long stay, has received marching orders. As to his new appointment please wait a little longer.

CIVIC HOLIDAY, Toronto, don't forget the excursion and special meeting at Hamilton. Major Howell has made some special arrangements, which mean cheap rates, especially so. Ensign McLean was telling us that he expected good times, it being then camp meeting.

MONEY ORDERS

Sent to Territorial Headquarters should be made payable to Herbert H. Booth, and not to departmental letter.



I VISITED MORDEN, Man., last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. I was met at Rosebank station by Captain Orr, with his war horse and road cart. The rain was falling fast, but we were prepared for it, so for twelve miles through the mud we jogged along at a good pace until we arrived at the pretty little town of Morden.

WE WERE SOON to be seen having an open-air where the most people could be found. A nice crowd came round, amongst them were two or three squaws, who were smoking short pipes. Saturday the officers and I were very busy at night, both in doors and out.

SUNDAY seven turned up for kneedrill. The Captain was not there; he was at a school-house holding forth the word of life, supported by the Sergt. Major, who is an out-and-out Salvationist. They report good time. In the afternoon I enrolled eight recruits? Is not this grand for a small corps like this?

SUNDAY NIGHT the meeting was a large one; the hall was crowded and several were standing, and although there was a lot of conviction only one was bold enough to come out, but I heard of more who ought to have done so.

MONDAY MORNING the Captain was up at three o'clock feeding the war steed. I was up at four and we had breakfast at Sister Duncan's, who kindly prepared the same for us at such an early hour. In a few minutes we were on a twenty-five mile trip to the station, and I got home about noon and plunged into a lot of business.

I AM HAPPY to report very good times in the Province all round. Souls are getting saved, and I have great hopes for Harvest Festival.

I HAVE JUST HEARD that the Commandant and party's reception to Edmonton was an immense success. The whole town seemed to turn out, and the town band came out and gave them a welcome. More news of this to follow.

YOU WILL BE PLEASED to learn that some twenty souls have found salvation at the Winnipeg Shelter since opening. H. H.



BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

The C. S. has the pleasure of extending an offer of welcome to the newly-arrived contingent of English field officers. As will be seen from the careers below, they have all had long experience in the command of corps. Judging by their wide-awake appearance, they are intended to get a move on in the Northwest, for whence they left on Friday morning. The world would be several years closer to the millennium could they be multiplied a thousand fold within the next few months.

The officers referred to are Captain Woodruff, who was in station at Aberdeen during his career; he has had no less than eighteen appointments. Captain Louie Walton was last stationed at South Queensferry, Edinburgh Division. She has been stationed at the Cape of Good Hope. F. Babington has had ten stations, the last of which was Dunoon, N.B., Scotland. Captain Mary Stanbury was last stationed at Penarth, Wales, and has done service in no less than nineteen corps.

Do you read the "Officer"? I never do without feeling a better soldier. It is published specially for officers and is ably edited by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the Foreign Secretary, who appears to have imparted to it the influence of his own personality. Its pages breathe zeal and devotion and are filled with world-wide news which officers ought to know. Moreover, useful hints for the progress of the war are to be found in every copy. No up-to-date successful officer should neglect to read it. The subscription price is eighty cents per year, but in order to get it into the hands of even the poorest officer, twenty-five cents will secure it for

THREE NEW CANADIANS.



F. BABINGTON, Capt.

L. WALTON, Capt.

M. E. STANBURY, Capt.

three months. Send your order to the Trade Secretary.

Adjutant Miller, who for some time commanded the London Shelter, has been appointed to take charge of the St. Catharines corps and district. Ensign Fox, of the Workmen's Hotel, Toronto, has succeeded him. Adjutant Turner, who has been chief armour bearer of the Central Ontario Province, has been appointed to fill the same position in West Ontario. Ensign Ayres, of the Temple, has stepped into his shoes in Toronto. Captain Annie Taylor, an officer of seven years' standing, has been pro-

moted by the Commandant to the rank of Ensign and given charge of the Downmanville corps and district. Salutation, Ensign Taylor.

The proofs of the Junior Soldiers' Manual of Company Lessons will be finally passed by the Commandant on its return from the West. This will doubtless prove a great blessing to the children's work.

War Cry readers will be sorry to learn that Adjutant Cowan, lately in charge of the Infallible Rescue Home, is again very sick.



A Flying Visit to Victoria, B.C.

BY MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

HAVING VISITED ALL CORPS now open in the American territories, I intended to pay a visit to our B. C. comrades, and so take in "the other half" of the Province.

On a beautiful moonlight night I left Spokane by the Great Northern Railway, and being tired, arranged the shape of my body and limbs in the most comfortable manner, or better, in the least uncomfortable way the seats would permit, and was soon asleep.

When I opened my eyes early in the grey dawn, the train was speeding through rolling hills, which looked sunburned, and covered largely with sage brush, which gave them

A Decidedly Desert-Like Appearance.

However, where irrigation has been applied by a few settlers, the effects were marvellous indeed.

Near Wenatchee we cross the majestic Columbia river and in a few minutes the scene changes as by magic. Rocky and rugged mountains, covered extensively with a profusion of wild flowers, ferns, and bushes, and frequently spotted with patches of pines and cedars. Before long all the mountain sides are covered with thick forests of tall cedars, pines, firs and spruces. The trees grow here to a tremendous size, judging from some stumps near the tracks five to six feet diameter at shoulder height being not unusual.

The Cascade Mountains are mainly formed of solid granite and very picturesque. The railroad ascends in a canon, where a stream rushes down in dancing cascades, till in some places the roar of the foaming, dashing, hissing waters is louder than the noise of the puffing train. At Cascade Tunnel the train receives another heavy locomotive to help in pushing up the heavy grade, and here begins a series of switching back and forward in zig-zag, half circles, and all sorts of curves, till we almost seem to go over the very peaks of the mountains, only to rush down the western slope in a similar manner.

In Seattle I had to wait an afternoon, as the boats do not make immediate connections with the trains. Strolling down street for "something to turn up," I came across a big shed whose walls were painted with army colors and symbols, and whose inscription revealed to me the S. A. wood-yard, and in the building alongside of it the S. A. Food and Shelter. Captain and Mrs. Mashburn made me feel right at home, and afterwards the Captain went with me to the Divisional Headquarters, where I found Mrs. Major Morton without her husband, the Major having just left for an extensive trip through his Division. A cup of tea befriended us more, and I feel sure Major Morton and his dear wife, and "us," will be good neighbors.

The steamer "Schone" left Seattle at 10 p.m., but before leaving I fell asleep, only to wake in time to be ready to leave the steamer, which included at 6 next morning at Victoria. The town was asleep yet, and so were the officers, who did not expect me until the afternoon. However, with some enquiry I found the S. A. Shelter without difficulty, and walked in to the Reading Room, where I

Devoured the New "War Cry"

Just arrived. Then I set out for a tour, exploring the premises, and landed finally at the door of the officers' quarters, where I brought my knuckles into forcible and repeated contact with the door which separated me from them. And I did succeed in recalling their spirits from the paradise of dreams to earth's stern realities, with the result that one, whose name history shall not recollect, appeared in white and opened the door. Here my natural tenderness of heart draws the curtain.

The Shelter looks as clean as a pin, and everything is in a tip-top shape. Of course during the summer time the attendance is small, but the Shelter will doubtless be a great benefit to the poor and to the city in the coming fall and winter. Of course the people of Victoria know this, and appreciate it.

Chinatown? Yes, I have seen it. Saw one of the biggest Joss Houses, with its tables and curiously carved altar, with its gods of gold, and stone, and wood, and quaint figures and stone carvings, together with a great display of tinzel and colored paper drapings and queer weapons. What a pity the S. A. has not been able to do anything among these Chinese. Why, the Army would be just the thing for them. They tell me there are over 4,000 of these Celestials here. Who will work among them for their salvation? Here is a beautiful opportunity to raise and train Chinese missionaries.

Adjutant Archibald had arranged for a Hindu march, which was indeed an attraction. Sashes with "Welcome," a bright banner with welcome, the white dresses, turbans, chuddahs, and red guernseys, together with a Japanese umbrella carried by Ensign Edgermont, made things look gay. A good crowd came inside, and everything went with a swing. We had a truly international audience, composed of all kinds of whites, including

Swedes, Germans, Armenians, Danes.

etc., and a medley of Chinese. Jew-ess, colored friends, and I don't know who else. The best of all, two souls fell into the fountain and found Jesus. Glory to Him!

Indeed, we are sorry to learn that Mrs. Archibald's health is far from satisfactory, and no permanent sign of improvement is noticeable after a prolonged rest. Let us pray for her speedy restoration.

We took the train for Nanaimo, and met half way another long train bringing a great crowd to Victoria to celebrate with the Orangemen, so that we thought Nanaimo must have left en masse. Nanaimo had was on hand for the march in time, and red sashes livened up the appearance. Although the crowds were not large, yet the Lord was with us and blessed us. I would have gladly stopped for the week-end, but found it impossible, as my time was not my own. Well, next time I stop longer. The corps history in the Cry gives a good, all-round description: of you should read it.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND.

THE GENERAL farewelled from England for his tour to Africa and Asia on August 5th, in the Alexandra Palace.

We are happy to announce that COMMISSIONER RUHANI (Gay Booth) presented the Army with a daughter. Congratulations to Colonel Booth-Hellberg in the thick of the fight in India.

COLONEL WRIGHT'S "good-bye" to his old comrade, COMMISSIONER POLLARD, showed the friendship and David spirit between them.

COMMISSIONER HOWARD put in a day at Portsmouth and recoured sixty-six prisoners.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER is doing his best to obtain officers for naval and military work at Malta, Hong Kong, etc.

STAFF-CAPT. MRS. ETHIRINGTON has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain Margaret Allen on the "Deliverer."

MAJOR PEARCE sets sail for South America.

MRS. COLONEL NICOL, who has been seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

COMMISSIONER MCKIE, who has been very unwell, is improving, and goes on furlough.

BRIGADIER POWELL farewells from Norway and proceeds to Japan as Chief Secretary.

SWEDEN.

BRIGADIER POLVSEN, late under Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters, has been appointed Assistant Chief Secretary.

MAJOR RICHARDSON is to be Social Secretary.

ITALY.

MAJOR MALAN reports that his mother has recovered from the recent attack made upon her by the roughs.

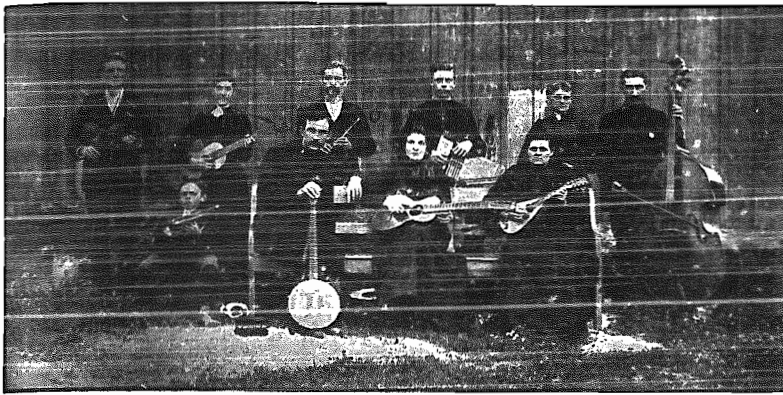
AUSTRALIA.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS, COLONEL and MRS. KILBY, COLONEL and MRS. DOWLE, COLONEL and MRS. BAILEY, and the leaders of the war in the separate Colonies, are hotly engaged in the Australian campaign. Melbourne as the centre is the scene of great activity.

MAJOR RICHARDSON can no longer boast of being the only woman Major in Australia. She has been married.

AFRICA.

COMMISSIONER REES is going in on a large scale for the extension of the work among the natives.



PETROLIA STRING BAND, UNDER ENSIGN MILLER.

Central Ont. Province.

ONHAWA.—Blessed week-end. Two souls. Refreshing times. Victory is sure.—Capt. Josh Jones.

TEMPLE, TORONTO.—Special meetings. First "as we used to be," next seventy-five choruses sung over twice without stopping. Lemon pie social. Burning of idols captured during our stay. Five at the cross, one an ex-officer with a sorrowful tale to tell.—Ensign Ayre.

ORANGEVILLE.—Devil driven to the front. Three souls. An ex-lawyer started off a theological discussion, but we were not confounded.—Cadet Drayman.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Ice cream social first-class. Major went to the meeting like a true soldier. Rained hard, but good crowd. Captain Ross cheered us up. Got half-a-dozen new agents for the G. B. M. My stay has been four weeks, but I go to my next station a better man for it.—Capt. Bendley.

?????

Women Warriors' Brass Band.

CAMERON.—Grand meeting in the church. Train to FENELON FALLS, good open-air, despite the rain, people thronged round, barracks packed, one dear girl forward. At KINMOUNT, among the rocks, open-air before the hotel. Free collection. Barracks not large enough. NORLAND, small place, with lots of sinners. COBOCONK, big, strong river-drivers, wish we could get them to drive the devil!—Bands-woman Woodgate.

East Ontario Province.

PT. ST. CHARLES.—Good meetings, inside and out. Splendid open-air, good attendance. Ensign McDonald and Hay farewelled.—W. E. G. C.

KINGSTON.—Short stay here, a blessing to me. Learnt to love the Kingston comrades very much. Some grand old veterans of the cross. Sunday grand. God was in the knee-drill. Farewell. Two souls.—Capt. Fildmore.

MONTREAL.—We had a CHRISTIAN MISSION MEETING. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McMillan were in charge, acting special evangelists. Crowds watched the march form up for all the soldiers wore dressed in their civilian clothing, except a few



BRO. HAY (Ensign), as bellman.
(By an amateur artist.)

LANARK.—Grove meeting at three p.m. Pleasant crowd of nearly 200. Much refreshed in spirit. Good collection.—A.A.K.

RENFREW.—After a long and hard pull two souls surrendered. Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman, our D. O.'s, with us. Big open-air; next night Hindoo meeting. Capt. Bowring.

STANSTEAD JCT.—Good time round the circle. At DAYS MILL we started out with the War Cry. They sold beautifully. At KING'S CROFT the people helped us to the tune of \$3. At ANGERS PLATS a bear dance held the crowd, though the church bell was rung long and loudly, so we went out to the people. They sealed the treaty of surrender by a good collection. At Stanstead we had a nice open-air meeting.—Capt. Mouldie.

West Ontario Province.

GALT.—Another week of victory. Sunday, old-time fire. Family march, baby carriage to the front. Four souls in the fountain.—Bro. Milton.

SAINTIA.—Sister Olivia farewells for the field, and I for Palmerston. Two souls quit their sin.—Capt. Braut.

WOODSTOCK.—Friday a poor sinner came to Jesus. Sunday our souls were blessed while Ensign read.—Berg. May Lang.

GALT.—One forward for a clean heart. Night meeting proper. Four precious souls. War Cry sold out.—E. Wiseman.

INGERSOLL.—Week of salvation wonders. First Desperado Band. Title well deserved. Ladies' brass band long and eagerly looked for. Desperadoes in the shade. The ladies have taken the place—by music, if not by storm. Meetings splendidly attended, audience captivated. On Friday all driven to a soldier's home in the country. Barracks crowded Sunday night. Captain Collier farewells.—Minnie Kennedy.

Desperado Brigade.

WOODSTOCK.—Ensign Wiggin, with his band, drew up in battle array on the market square. They gave their experience, with invitation to their tent. In the meeting two young men indignantly declared they had no right to ask them if they intended to go to Heaven. They only made it better for themselves if it rained before it descended to torment them. Next night one of them asked us to pray for him. Major and Mrs. Morris with us at a heart-revealing roll-call. Big fun-fight and Ingersoll Gypsy Jingle Band, in striking costume. Tent packed. Weather wet.—E. P.

Newfoundland Province

CARBONAR.—Threshing the devil and delighting in it. Two at the cross. Visited twenty-two families at FRESHWATER. People very kind.—Capt. Thompson.

TILT COVE.—On Saturday morning clear and bright the yacht "Salvationist" lay in sight. Our hearts were filled with great delight. For THE DATES OF OUR POSTER proved all right. Major Sharpe and Ensign Freeman were on board. Welcome tea a success. Meetings times of great refreshing. Infant of Bro. and Sister Norman was to be dedicated, but it was buried instead. Impressive service. Seven precious souls.

On Monday morn at break of day our Major prayed and went away. Short fudeed has been their stay. God send them back another day.

CATALINA.—Visit from Major Sharpe and crew of "Salvationist." We have a religion that keeps us fighting in hot and cold weather. Cadet Norman farewelled to go on the "Salvationist" to Labrador. Souls saved here. A poor backslider returned to his Father's house, making five for the week. Looking forward to the Commandant's visit.—Cadet Harrier, ex-cook "Salvationist."

GREENSPOND.—Visit from Major Sharpe and crew of the "Salvationist." Blessed time. Work done for eternity.—Capt. Russell.

CARBONAR.—A few months ago an old man, the husband of one of our soldiers, was converted and died at once at the penitentiary. Since then a small fishing smack was seen coming in through the harbor. Everybody on board of her was screaming and crying so the whole town could hear them. While coming round the headland one of their crew, a jolly, able young man, was knocked over and drowned. Death is sure.—Capt. Thompson.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT, NFLD.—After a profitable and pleasant nine months' fight in Eastern District and Bonavista, I farewelled. I esteemed it a privilege to share with my comrades any privations of the financial depression. During the time nearly 500 souls professed conversion and a number for causing. About 100 enrolled sold. I travelled about 808 miles, with 414 of that. Pleasant trip to Grand Lake. Barracks nicely filled. Warm-hearted reception. My heart is set on victory. Oh, may the refining fire fall! Captain Aboulton, an old comrade from the East, and Tent. Montreal, were here before me.—Ensign Payne.

Pacific Province.

SPOKANE.—Said good-bye to Captain Brierty to New Westminster. Arrived at 9 a.m., travel stained and well served. The sight of red bands and gunners soon made us feel at home. A council of war was held at 1:30. About twelve officers. Attendee Captain Ramsdell and Lieutenant Ziebarth's farewelled. Captain Stephens and Lieut. Lester welcomed. Meeting led by Major Friedrich.—Cadet Mrs. Sheik.

GREAT FALLS. Grand farewell to the officers, with the devil on trial. He got me one to plead for him. After meeting, ice cream and cake. Swear-tying of three recruits. We all regret to see Capt. and Mrs. Gillette go away. God bless and speed them. Most of the soldiers went to see them off. Welcome to Capt. Melndue and Lieut. Ziebarth.—J. Finley Heacock.

VANCOUVER.—Captain Milner has gone. Two soldiers enrolled, one soul, good meetings. Tea and meeting everything to make Christians happy. Time long to be remembered, sanctifying and soul-saving time. Three sisters enrolled. Seven at the cross. Wanted, more bonnets and more sisters. The Captain has left not a stone unturned that she could think of that some might be saved. Secretary has gone away.—J. Bell.



CONLON'S MILL, Little Current, Manitoulin Island



ladies, who were small bonnets of the mission kind. Hundreds stared in amazement as we were led on by the evangelist in a ministerial dress suit, crowned with a beaver hat, swinging a giant umbrella, singing old Method-

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

The "War Cry" - Harvest Festival - Wedding - Commandant's Visit.

Coming! Coming!!

No! No!
Why, don't you know?

No.
Well, then, try and keep your equilibrium, retain your patience, possess your soul, and I will tell you. But before so doing, let me ask you a question:-

Are you saved? Saved!
Full of fire!
Red hot!!
Hot!!!

Oh! what a need of a live religion!
"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

WEO is afraid of a dead lion? No one, I suppose. But plenty are afraid of a little, insignificant fox, terrier, whose bark is worse than his bite.

Oh, for more life and red-hot religion!

Well, now for the War Cry. As a corps, Fredericton is still the champion. I wonder what those Yarmouth folks think of this! Where is Ensign Desbry and her brave band of working Christians? Now, Yarmouth, are you going to play second fiddle to Fredericton, eh?

But what shall I say of Halifax? Is not this the place that came to the front so magnificently in putting up such a beautiful structure, and now they let Fredericton run away with them in War Cry? I wonder if I can touch your dignity and help you to the front. Ensign Gage, my friend, where art thou? Who is coming in for second?

"There's another man."
Behold him!
He lives in New Glasgow among the Scotch folks. No less a personage than Ensign Alward. I fancy there will be a tight pull yet for the championship of the East.

Here are three corps struggling for second place: Halifax, I, New Glasgow, and Yarmouth. While Capt. Gamble and his braves lead the way. I've an idea the next week will tell a tale. Be on your guard, Fredericton!

Other corps, with a less circulation than the above, are coming up in good shape. Figures will be given in a later issue. Advance has been made at Halifax II, Spring Hill, and Woodstock. Other places are marching on. Look for the eastern competition list. Where will you appear?

HARVEST FESTIVAL. The dates for the East are Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Please note, and make a memorandum accordingly, mental or otherwise.

THE EAST TO THE FRONT. Cheerful must victories, urged on by a loving God, encouraged by kindness and sympathy all round, what may we expect will be the result this year? What, indeed! Such devotion and toil as hitherto manifested will accomplish untold achievements, which will eclipse anything of the past.

FIRST, PRAY. - Pray for success. Pray God to help you, give you holy courage, keep you up, carry you on, and save souls. Pray for the Holy Ghost to go before you, to touch the hearts of the people, to help you to beg! beg! not to give in, but press your way on.

SECOND, PREPARE. - Don't leave things until the last. Get ready now. Think of what you can do and what others can do. Bring your offering in to regulation you possibly can, not only garden stuff, but everything possible. Commence at once. Speak in time. Arrange so that you may have a most successful Harvest Festival.

THIRD, PLOD. - Plod on. Nothing

will be gained by desires, tears, and longings. The thing is to go on. Go at it for all we are worth. Having prayed, prepared, now is the time to plod. It will take time to do things well and take in all the country, but with a systematic canvas we shall win.

TARGETS. - Yes, targets will be given each corps. These can be divided again among the corps. The sister's target. The brother's target. One for the bandman, the Juniors, friends, etc., etc. A distribution of responsibility will ensure greater success than otherwise and save labor.

THE JUNIORS. - More notes on H. F. next week. But let me say I'll back the children, where they are a good chance. Who will be the champion soldier or officer in collecting? Wait, my friend, wait. Time will bring to light all these things.

THE COMMANDANT. - Right you are, he is coming to see us. Right after H. F. our gallant leader will be with us. St. John will be the spot for council, blessing and joy. Be ready. Further particulars later on.

A WELCOME TO ALL. - To officers, soldiers, landowners, agrarians, friends, a hearty welcome is extended. Hurry up with your Harvest Festival and come, brim full of joy and success. A high tide time is expected.

WEDDING. - Yes, sir, a wedding, sure enough. In fact, I hear there is another. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be - Amen! Who are the contracting parties? Wouldn't you like to know? Anyway, don't lose heart, and keep on the look-out. The War Cry will reveal things from time to time.

God bless you all. May you live long, fight for God, and die happy. Hallelujah!



CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

MAJOR HOWELL.

The Women Warriors' Band at Lip-pincott were looking well and cheerful. They left Ontario very interesting meeting. Four souls. Major Collier assisted us in the afternoon and night meeting.

Gone at last, Adjutant Turner, who has fought so faithfully in the C.O.P. for fourteen months. He has taken flight to West Ontario. We shall miss the Adjutant and his cheerful little wife. Success to you, comrades, in your new appointment.

Ensign Ayre has been appointed to succeed Adjutant Turner as Chief Assistant. The Ensign, I have reason to believe, will do the best blessing to us. Welcome, Ensign and Mrs. Ayre.

Capt. Crawford takes charge of the Tent Brigade in place of Ensign McAmmond. We shall see what kind of stuff he is made of.

Hamilton camp meetings are all the go. The Commandant is to be there with Headquarters and Provincial Staff. Ensign McLean is making arrangements for a big thing. We shall finish the meetings with an excursion from Toronto on Civic holiday. Tickets 70c. Now, Torontonians, come along.

The dates for Corbett's Point camp meetings are August 16th to 25th.

The Women Warriors' Band are now on their northern trip, going up as far as Sudbury.

Welcome, Ensign Lowry and Mrs. Ensign Burdette.

The officers all round seem in good

spirits. The outcome of H. F. should be bright.

Oh, what shall the harvest be? \$1,500, I hope. What do you say, officers, soldiers, and friends of C.O.P.?

Kindly note, no officer or corps will be exempt from taking part in Harvest Festival effort this year in C.O.P.

We will give the targets next week. Now, warriors, raise up and come out on top.

Read the Commandant's instructions re H. F. carefully, and get ready.

West Ontario WAR DESPATCH.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

"WE have conquered in times that are past, gathered fruits, roots, and grain from the field. We'll do better this year than the last. To our efforts H. F. target was \$1,500 in the figure for W. O. P."

TAKE note, comrade P. S's, east, west, north and centre, we are in to win, to take the front rank. Courage, ye braves.

WE have mixed the medicine with four ingredients: Ambition, organization, enthusiasm, and competition. It is drank. "Our blood is Hup."

"COUNT your men," said one general to a subordinate officer, as he ligged with the oval of war. "They are numbered, and ready for the fray," was the prompt reply.

ARE YOU ready, my comrade, with plans carefully laid; with soldiers enlisted, organized, and on the alert for action with the oval of war to conquer, written on every arrangement, muscle, and musket? Then forward!

ONE enthusiastic F. O. gleefully informed me, long ere the days of July had passed him by, that his keen eye and scanned the sky, and his wise brain had made the claim, to farmers near and far, who pledged their aid, and to him said, "We'll help the H. F. well this year." That F. O. will get his target.

"New Brooms Sweep Clean."

"A CHANGE is as good as a rest." Every district has got a new D. O. save Palmerston. Well, what are they going to do? Try hard to defeat their old district, why of course.

ADJT. TURNER (whom we heartily welcome to the front) has been held of the London District, which is down for \$300. I shall not be surprised at anything. Adjutant Turner is an old, tried, practical warrior.

BUT Brantford, city of 17,000, and Paris town have both been added on to Guelph, which caused me to put in that "H," and further wonder whether the brave little David (Moore), with his alling of past experience and stone of present determination, wouldn't pass by his target of \$200.

BUT of this I am certain, that Ensign Hunter will mount his steed at Petrolia, and with a steady grasp, and firm footing, will gallop past the \$200 goal, and if he doesn't outdo the Royal City, he'll be on top of their heads. You accept my advice, my dear Ensign Moore, and remember that Hunter is a "wise man from the East" - a veteran.

Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

THAT man of war called Gideon, at Simcoe, will not allow even a famous conqueror from the east to outdo him. The Simcoe target is only \$15 behind the Petrolia. Simcoe corps alone did \$32.16 last year.

BUT Newfoundlanders are terrors when they get going, and the D. O. of Palmerston is always known as "Do-well," and will not stick at \$155 - not he. Last year the Palmerston corps itself did \$9.50 over its target. I heard a story about a lamb, etc., etc., and you'll see how well his brave and loyal crew swing by even-

SCOTCH, did you say? Well, you hit it! Stratford is a new district centre, and Ensign Ogilvie has got the run of the gauntlet in the Classic City district. I am sure he'll be only putting the target at \$170. I did not mean to reflect upon you or your brave heroes, but rather to give you a glorious chance to outdo your

target. You see the point. I wouldn't wonder if a holy war breaks out between you and the old Seaford district commander, who is down for \$150 at Chatham.

WELCOME, Ensign Myles, thrice welcome. \$180 isn't much for you, is it? Ensign Gaile said he would go for \$150. A ten is nothing to you. You are at the far end of Ontario.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Notes and Comments for Field Officers.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Note:-Cut this column out and pin it to the wall of your quarters for future reference.

THE MONEY. Iona H. F. scheme money sent direct to the Toronto Temple. Make the money order in the Commandant's name: H. H. Booth. Officers in Montana and Washington will send direct to Major Friedrich, Spokane. Carefully fill out the financial form sent you.

THE SOCIAL SACK. Scheme will be worked only in Ontario and Quebec. Use great discretion in putting these sacks into the hands of the right people.

SPECIAL NOTE: All Social Sacks gathered west of London will be sent into London. Provincial H. Q. Those gathered west of Toronto and east of London will be sent to Toronto direct. Those west of Kingston and east of Toronto will be sent direct to Toronto, and those west of Montreal and east of Kingston will be sent to Kingston Provincial H. Q.

THE CARDS should be given out to good, suitable people, and those beautiful posters should have a good show. Why not get some friendly shopkeeper to hang one up in his window?

EASTERN OFFICERS will not forget that Brigadier Scott has decided to postpone the H. F. dates in the Eastern Province for two weeks. The correct dates for the East are Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17.

THE COMMANDANT'S LETTER is a most exhaustive one, and its many wise hints and suggestions should be carried out.

CONDUCT THE SALE of goods in a wise manner. Secure the services of a sober auctioneer, or a soldier who knows just how to knock down the hammer. Then friends will often buy in a stock of things for the field officers' use.

THE NEWSPAPER NOTICES should be taken to the local officers just at the start of the sale. Take a little trouble to explain the matter to them.

FIX YOUR STALL up very neatly and tastily. Secure a good, pleasing person to manage the same. Fill it with useful articles of food and clothing. Let the fact that the money goes to help save the world.

DECORATE YOUR BARRACKS in good style. This is very urgent and will do more towards your success than anything.

LET ALL THINGS be done decently and in order. Let proper organization and proper practical interest put into the whole concern, it must be a triumphant success.

OF COURSE every local officer, sergeant, soldier, recruit, convict and friend will vie with the other in doing the honor of the brave officers, for, after all, the soldiers win the battle.

WESLEYVILLE. - Three sinners in the front line. Visit from Major Sharpe and the zealous crew of the "Salvage-boat." Devil defeated and three more sinners converted. - Cadet Howell.

WINNIPEG. - Last Sunday Ensign Hughes farewelled for fields unknown. Fine meetings were held. From kneeling. Alf. Rawling, Ensign Aikenhead (an old officer of this corps), Ensign Clarke, Capt. Westcott, Capt. Spencer, Lieut. Hurst, Ensign Cheeley and Cadet Ensign Hughes were delivered his farewell address, prepared to go and obey the will of the Lord. Prayer meeting led by Ensign Aikenhead, who took his leave, assisted by the officers and comrades. Five in the fountain. - J. H. Collinson.

Scotch Bob, A Modern - Prodigal.

A SERIAL STORY

CHAPTER VI.

"And he went and joined himself to a tilizon of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine."

SO I RETURNED TO CALGARY, fixed up a bit, and spent the money I had living at the crack house. I put on my best clothes till I looked a regular dude, and started out to hunt for work.

Of course I got no work, people took no notice of me, didn't believe I was a man. I went to the Methodist church, and the minister met me at the door, shook hands with me, and invited me to his house, so I quite took to him.

I also went to some services held by a revivalist. He talked till it made me think of MY WRETCHED PAST—my life of failure, till I fairly boo-hoed in the meeting. This good man came and put his arms round me and urged me to go forward. I told him I knew all he said was right, but salvation was not for me. Now I felt I was AN OUTCAST—A BLASPHEMING PROFLIGATE! I would not bring shame on religion by going forward and falling again, I said. But I was convicted thoroughly as I left the place.

I had spent all my money, and BEGAN TO BE IN WANT. There was a famine in that land for me—a famine of dollars.

I happened to ask a stableman if he could tell me where to get a job. "Why, you don't want one, do you? You're going about the town dressed as if you had a big bank account at your back; you'll never get work in that rig."

So I put on my old clothes, and, sure enough, I didn't be out long before a man offered me thirty-five dollars a month to go haying. There's a misunderstanding I lost it, however, and by now I had gone right down to hard pan, with scarcely a dime in my pocket or a friend in the place.

I went and stood on the bridge, and wondered whether it would not be as well to settle the business and jump over. But

I Daren't Take the Plunge.

I knew if I did I should go to hell. It was where I was fit for.

I travelled on about a hundred miles south of Calgary, giving my watch to a man to take me. There I got a job choring in a general store.

I attended some meetings, where I became worse under conviction than ever. I was asked to hold up my hand if I would "LIKE TO KNOW MY SINS FORGIVEN."

Hold up my hand! I would have done any mortal thing if I could only have known my sins were forgiven. Like to know my sins forgiven!

I stayed there till one in the morning, wrestling, but no satisfaction reached me.

I went back to the house, but it was locked, and everyone asleep. I threw myself on the hay in the barn, but no sleep came. As I lay rolling, and tossing, thinking of my burden of sin, this verse came into my mind—

"HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." Right then on that hay, I went down in spirit, and poured out my soul before God.

I told Him He knew all about me, all about my black past, knew just

What Sort of a Thing I Was

anyway; told Him I had no tears, no power to repent; told Him I wanted Him to save me—if such a thing were possible!

I believe that night GOD PARDONED MY SINS. I was humble like a little child, although in some things I was dark as a heathen, and it ever I relapsed into sin after, it was only a little while, and I came right back. One evidence of the change to me was that I could quit my foul-mouthed swearing. If I did drop a foul word it was from the habit of my tongue, not that I had any irreverence in my heart. I would fall right down and ask God to forgive me.

From that night my life turned towards God. Even if I had to hobble all the way to Heaven I was determined to get up and go, to make some progress, even though there were some backslidings, for I had gone so deep into sin before.

"But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

I LOST MY JOB one day when the wife of the man I worked for ordered me to scrub a floor. It was more than my pride would swallow.

Me, the Descendant of the Old Kings of Scotland,

to be ordered to scrub a kitchen floor by a woman! I refused. The boss called me and said if I wasn't prepared to do what I was told I was not wanted there. So he gave me my wages and I left.

I set out to walk to Calgary, taking a six-shooter to be able to give a crack to scare away the wild cattle on the prairie—they were dangerous if they chanced to make a stampede your way.

By when I reached Calgary my money was all spent. I'd just one five-cent left. But I felt I could look up to God. That bridge had no temptation for me now. I was sure He would help me.

I read a notice that somebody was



CALGARY, where I first met the Army.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee."

I would go away off to the prairie and lie on my face before God in the grass, but there seemed no hope for me—the heavens were brass. I couldn't scratch up one single tear of repentance.

"There's NO HOPE for me—I am DAMNED ALREADY—I cannot help but go to hell. I am too filthy, too damned," I said.

God had Doalt with me

and disciplined me till my pride was all knocked endways. I was humbled right down. I cleaned the boots for some of the dudes I used to board with.

"Hullo, Bob, what are you doing here?" they cried. I—who when I was a boy would call one of the servants if there was a bit of dust to be brushed off my shoes!

By-and-bye I got INTO THE BAKERY LINE and made money hand over fist, better than I had done before or since, but I trusted, and was cheated in the end.

It was while I was at that business I was convinced God would have me in the Salvation Army, and I entered

Under Staff-Capt. Grayson.

I had often been to the Army, although I had joined the Methodists, and was working as best I knew how. I went to the barracks and sat down. Cadet O'Neill and two or three soldiers were just starting for the open-air.

"Are you coming on the march with us, brother?" the Cadet asked. "No," I answered, but the moment I had said so it flashed upon me what God Almighty had done for me, how He had saved me from the very pit of hell, and shame, and I thought HOW DARE I REFUSE to walk with His people for the sake of respectability.

I ran up the street after them, and into my own place, and fell down on my knees. "Lord, give me grace to fall in with the ranks if you want me there." I waited for them as they passed, and joined the march, and oh, DIDN'T THEY FIRE A VOLLEY!

"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

A FEW DONT'S

For Soldiers of the Salvation Army.

Launched Forth by Ensign Dowell.

DON'T forget knee-drill at 7 a.m. Sunday morning.

DON'T forget your cartridge money every week.

DON'T think your Captain can live on one dollar per week when it takes seven to keep you.

DON'T pay your Captain in something you cannot eat yourself.

DON'T leave your uniform at home when you visit your friend.

DON'T be ashamed of Christ or the Salvation Army.

DON'T give up your faith when you have no feeling.

DON'T let it appear from your manner that it is hard work to be a Christian.

DON'T throw too many "God help you's" at a brother.

DON'T use your religion to advertise your business.

DON'T begin to look blue and wretched the minute you get on your uniform.

DON'T believe every quack's statement that open-air work will kill you.

DON'T ask God for more light until you are willing to walk in what you have.

DON'T forget there is still joy in heaven over every sinner who repents.

DON'T forget that common sense is needed as much in religion as it is anywhere else.

DON'T do anything to get the praise of men.

DON'T neglect your Bible and your place of secret prayer.

DON'T forget to get the War Cry every week.

DON'T grumble, grumble, grumble, but pray, pray, pray.

The right-side-up of a wineglass is upside-down.

What Christ did for Himself He can do for His children.

Mr. Fearful always says there is a lion in the way. What if there is? Christ, the great Lion-Tamer, is close by the side of His own.

The more the Law and the Gospel can be made to go hand in hand the more tangible the likelihood of the world being won for God.

Auxiliaries' Column.

JUST ONE MAN.

"He led them in a solitary way."—Psalm civ. 4.

A CURIOUS CASE OF WITNESS BEARING for Christ, under exceptional circumstances, and in connection with the Salvation Army, is to be seen at the season of Waterloo, Ont., which will be of interest to the readers of the War Cry. At one time, I believe, there was a flourishing corps of the S. A., but from causes I do not know it was withdrawn, and now one solitary soldier, who is a host in himself, holds the fort, and does battle to the enemy of souls, by wearing uniform and marching with his big drum (for which he paid \$18), week in and week out, stopping at regular intervals in frequented places to hold an "open-air" all by himself, where he sings, prays, and testifies, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear," as saith the prophet Ezekiel, ch. 5. The effect is very unusual, and has a depth of silent power with it, impressing the most careless and in a way solemnizing the most thoughtless. Of course he is

Laughed at as a Crank,

but mockery and contempt have given place to respect, as the solitary figure after his hard day's work is seen marching with dignity up the street, while the loud boom, boom, boom, of the drum awakes the echoes far and near. He is a Swede by nationality, and was converted in the Army six years ago, and his love for it knows no bounds. Who shall say that the persistent constancy of testimony of Stephen Stanzl, through these six years, has been thrown away? God forbid, for the assurance holds true, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor," John xiv. 26. To my personal knowledge his testimony has borne fruit, and won friends and sympathizers for the Army by the very simplicity and godly bearing of the solitary man's character. God bless him and his testimony more and more, till the promise in Isaiah lii. 22 becomes a veritable fact: "The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation; I the Lord will inherit it in his time. Hallelujah, I believe. AUXILIARY. Montreal.

Another White Muffled Drum

A BRIDE of a YEAR AGO NOW SUMMONED TO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.

Sister Mrs. Peak, of Stratford.

THE RIGHTEOUS IS TAKEN away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace; his shall rest in their beds—Isa. liii. 2.

This past week death has come and picked from our midst Sister Mrs. Peak (nee Lily Burnett).

Just about a year ago our comrade was afflicted in her extremities by our dear leader, Mrs. Booth.

Our comrade was only a few weeks ill. Speaking to a comrade, she said, "Well, I am all right, anyway. It is wait with my soul." Her promotion was sudden and unexpected, but a triumphant one.

Some years ago she entered the Training Home as Cadet, but owing to ill health she was compelled to leave the home.

She was a faithful, devoted, loyal soldier, and worked hard in the corps for God and souls.

THE FUNERAL was a large one and conducted by Captain Richardson, of Brantford, and MRS. MAJOR COOPER, of Ingersoll. The memorial service at night was very impressive. The Rev. Mr. Leitch (Fredericton) assisted.

As soldiers of the Stratford corps, we unitedly sympathize with our beloved comrade, Bandmaster J. Peak. But it is only for a BRIEF "NIGHT WATCH." That dust as precious here, as sacred elsewhere, is scattered, rather, than the wheat is no longer out in the tempest and rain, but safely garnered—eternally housed.

CAPT. GRACE MACKENZIE.

